Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 72

Ghosted

Chapter: 161

Cantankerous

Maiara Chenoa- Nevaeh that sweet little girl that you, away thought was not a little girl, she found death records and took the place of to have a child life that she lost, yet still did not have, she is always 30 years old living with dwarfism she was the only one that knew.

I think I have died! In my death, I saw the revenge of Nevaeh to Hope how was the fallen angel that snatched me up in my death from this world holding her

36-inch-long bloody ruby incrusted sword to mock her with the only the silly power she could have to defend with, with black bloody wings one ripped off her punishment of being part of the underworld is that she will never fly her side ribs ripped open and showing no heart within the cavity, and her name scribed into her lower back forever shamed by being fully nude, as Nevaeh was made to be by her mean-spiritedness. Better sweet to me to see. Always, taring her skin off like Nevaeh’s past clothing from her fallen body. Therefore I- Maiara Chenoa will have eventually like

intertwined twisted willow branches, overground Nevaeh for years with hopeful energy like strong rots like the bow and aero.

Oh, the road to hell along the way, the path is paved with good intentions, so others say upon this chapter of my ever-changing life, consequently when the time arrives in the sun will not kiss my face, tell the ones who grieved enough. That I left this place when I saw her again.

A distant wailing scream, horribly cheap, of somewhere under the twilight, had prevented me. Magnificent yearnings

drifting leap, abrading at custom's chain. Ditto of its brumal slumber. Wakens the ferine struggle.

The complex lines stood immediately approaching a duration. Around out beyond in the snowfall, concealed from his display by trees and shrubberies.

Unlighted spruce groves sulked on each rival the iced lake way. The trees became dismantled by a novel breath of their white topping of frost, plus they resembled to lean approaching each other, black and sinister, in the paling daylight.

Some immense quietness was managed over the land. The property itself was a demolition, lackluster, airy journey, so lonesome and bitter that the quality of it was not indeed that regarding oppression.

There was a reference in this of giggling although of a roaring exceeding frightening than any melancholy, a burst of mirthless laughter is as the simper of the mythical creature with the head of a human... a falcon, a burst of laughter frozen as the blight and participating in the grimness of faithfulness.

The diamonds from their frosted whiff that their faces outside were not discernible to my mind, as I passed in handcuffs. This provided them with the seeming of ghostlike masques, morticians in a phantom world at the obsequies like any spirits.

The ghostly glimmer of the slight overcast day continued working to fade meanwhile a soothing faraway shout awoke in the noiseless atmosphere.

Then toiled without speech beyond the profiles of the chilled ambiance. Every stillness was uninterrupted save by the shrieks of their

pursuers, that, hidden, dangled upon my back like chains of their hands.

The screams appeared closer as the pursuers drew in according to their custom, and the tyrants turned apprehensive and terrified including remained licentious of alarms that complicated the evidence furthermore additional pessimistic.

This towered skyward with a flying hurry, until it relinquished its topmost degree, anywhere this continued, palpitant moreover rigid, moreover before gradually rotted away. It might have been a lost soul wailing; had it not been

entrusted with a positive pitiable fierceness moreover greedy anticipation.

Already superimposed night dismal, while I considered, infirm and fatigued, additionally, common an unusual and singular volume of forgotten lore.

This I persisted employed infancy, but no syllable representing before each person whose burning eyes now burned into my bosom's kernel; this and more I sat prophesying, including my head at prosperity reclining on the cushion's velvet covering that the lamplight celebrated o'er, exactly whose

velvet violet quilting among the lantern sparkle celebrating o'er.

Its requirement is explained that not by word nor function had I delivered myself produce to ponder my goodwill. I maintained, as was my want to smile in all the ghostly presentations, and I did not observe that my grin now transpired near every knowledge of their immolation.

My eyes were closed but a few minutes later the pain was burning from the cold. I had traveled little more than a hundred yards, pushed by them. Flung it back, by the air, and frost, that seemed to mutter ominously in my face and laugh in

my ears. Emitted a profound, warning whistle. I turned furthermore crammed before unobtrusively standing. I jogged with a characteristic, accelerating, offhand gait. Ever- so frustrated, forcing up its energy and viewing them steadily with noses that shivered as it contracted and inquired the fragrance of them looking at me.

Suddenly, remarkably newfangled thoughts continued the visions of the afterlife, yet there was a disaster occurring.

After searching for scrutiny for words, I did not have any. Then met by a

bundle of spruce trees, moreover with apprehension and scent studied the outlay of the vigilant persons, it gazed at them in a surprisingly soulful tone, after the manner of a puppy; without in its wistfulness, there remained none of the puppy love.

It remained a wistfulness reproduced of appetite, as brutal as its fangs, as relentless, remorseless, cruel, and pitiless, as the frost itself as I stroll to my what I call my witch- trial and tribulation of judgment.

A spasm of fear went through me with wistfulness vanishing, being

superseded by a predatory noxiousness that made me shudder.

The door burst open to bright lights.

(6 months back before the end)

Maddie- I remember sitting in the courtroom daydreaming about being so pore that I had to eat me cum, yet I would anyways every time I would **DYI-YES in Vibrating**, yet all girls do this! Liv was already shot by the hands of a Jude before my eyes for sex videos, just moments before, the here and now, for being gay and too outspoken- and friends of Karly

Barnes a now convalescent, somehow, I knew I was next.

Then at that moment, there was a girl behind a white mask covering her whole face, I was obtuse, my eyes blacked out, she was sitting next to me yet more than six feet apart from me.

Including this feature in my memories, her body is covered in a floral dress.

Furthermore, with a hood covering the back of her head.

The only thing that was cut out and the mouth was just a small slit. There

was no skin showing at all on her body, covering the entire face of this thought to be younger than me.

I was sitting all by myself like a simpleton, held as the hostage, in a dreamlike state of mind, all the people's faces were stretching to my sight, I was in the courthouse convicted of a crime. I am here for the crime of being racist, and free to love whom I wanted, before the radicalized change to the law, and not wanting to protest the new world orders, of having our soldiers attacking the peaceful.

This girl started talking to me, many questions fanatic nonsensical, in the middle of a pandemic, face-covering are mandated yet not like this, over the fact of defunding the police officers there were none in the courtroom, and the law was my witch hunt. I remember in the moment of small chat, with no-intent what-so-ever, I questioned why she had a full-face mask.

Then she said, this was what I was waiting for someone to ask why? She pulled a small gun, ‘the rights to express freely, not a question but a right.’ Now

they all most die over you if you do not give me all your money.

My mind drifted back to when I was 13 in the moment of thinking about death to the time it was Christmas and I was in PJs just like my sister, and it was early morning and Kellie and I ran down the steps, to the fireplace, and my dad had a dildo for us both girls as stocking stuffers, along with Killie thong underwear, Over the fact he walked into 9-year-old Kellie's and room and now she was a woman, and she was bouncing on a Perfume can masturbating.

Before the trial, I put everything that I own in the chest in the back, take it freely, and let me go. I have paid for my sins in my debt to society, and I am not racist. I have the right like you do to feel and believe my free thoughts and speech.

The judge doltish did not say a word, the crowd did not move, and somehow, I had to buy my freedom to my town, or I would be executed on the spot, not by this girl, that was a diversion, by the judge that had me sitting Infront of him asking for his mercy. And, at gunpoint.

Liv- at the gates to face my fate, the light bright, I see Nevaeh, I hear this sweet voice, one of faith something- I never, lost- even if in the darkest days of my lives, he said to me you have saved so many for a horrible life, and gave them another, you have made it to the kingdom of the Heaven’s.

-And-

All that you have saved I feel must be saved as white angels, all that was deprived has been overlooked, I am forgiving to all and love all even if you must earn it, as you did so well.

Nevaeh you are going to be the everlasting highest promoted most beautiful white Heavenly angle to ever exist.

-And-

I passed on to the other side- in the rays spinning around my body pulling me in at last to the holy ghost- and heavenly father, praying hands above us both, I was hugged and welcomed, by him as a child that is most loved and understood, like all of them to that were the misunderstood- and rejected.

(Some season has come and passed)

Karly, I walked around the city, knowing I should not- in my condition just weeks before everything- looked different to me- I walked past ash-covered hospital, and all the glass shattered to the road under my feet from rebates and protesters.

Just- to think this building covering a long white and glass ten-story hospital, this was all my town had, is going to be wasted away to decay when it was new and modern, and the blast from the bombs makes it unusable.

Part:

(One year back)

'Um likewise, there are consequences, if you linger past the rising moon only in your mind or someone else's, you'll lose like me you lose your mind and become a mermaid form forever,'

I will need familial consent not to do anything, even just to go to the beach with friends.' Karly said, rising, and searching through a box of college applications, 'I'll only be onshore for a few more days, yet I will not remember,' I

remember that I fingered my crystal necklace as it always did when I am stressed,' my home I did not remember it today, where it is, it won't take me an hour, to get there.'

I opened my purse and spilled out my crystal seahorse collection, which slowly sank onto the sand at my feet, like the princess I am not about to let three snobby clones wreck it for me, even if they now think I am crazy.

Of course, I rejoin magnanimously, trailing my head slightly now if you will pardon me, it is too bad, Liv interrupts, I freezing this was meant

to be an escape Maddie agrees Too, too bad Too, too bad, Karly is lost in her world of being traumatized.

Acknowledgments, I say as they lead me into an open spot of the party area in front of the sea those three almost put me to shame, as they tug me away, I glance back over my shoulder, the look of utter shock on their faces is the best moment of the night, in the Bahamas, I know what Bimini is I have one on now, I explain It’s in the eastern part of my kingdom, Aunt Rachel takes a sip of her iced tea, and looks at my friends saying, ‘I

think there is no hope for her at this point.’

They hugged me with their might, not letting go, I stroked my hair, my heart pounded, I am sure they could feel it pulse out of my chest and beat against their own, I almost did not want to calm down. It felt so good, being so close to them.

‘But just how are you planning to get around now that you’ve ditched me. I mean, in case you haven’t noticed, this is not back home where you can run around freely in your case, you can’t get

anywhere without having a motorbike, and you're not able.’

Even though I am still mad at them for the whole Olivia revelation thing and the whole conspiring with Maddie thing, the saving me from the terrible trio thing is enough to cool my anger a little, and then I blacked out. To the point of waking up in the hospital room a little more than a one-year letter.

They look at me, occupied by my surge of lighter, which is not exactly the reaction I had prearranged on. ‘What’s wrong with the bus? It’s free and I could go.’

I- Karly peer imbecilic, shaking my head, simply accepting my ears. Furthermore, since when do you worry about cost, Missy?

‘Yes, I remember being a fascinating shallow, money-oriented, self-absorbed, buyer-driven slob?’

‘No!’ I bellow, shaking my head and squeezing her three fingers in my one hand hard.

Wishing to change her even though I did mean it- not being mean yet truthful. Deliberated Liv. ‘I just-’ I squint, wishing I could be even half as articulate

as her, but still forging ahead when I say, ‘I guess I just don’t get it.’ I shrug.

I raise my hand to where I can see. ‘Isn’t it obvious?’ Only not in a bad way like she thinks, or you are indeed. She shakes her head and pulls me toward the door.

But I just stay put, refusing to budge. Nothing is obvious… Nothing makes sense anymore. Remembering at one time, she had my old boyfriend in her bed, and I acknowledged all the finer things in life kind of thing, and less in my girlfriend’s now she is the version of what

I am looking for in that kind of way, even if a girl?

She pauses, hand on the knob, more than a little hurt when she says, ‘I thought it was a satisfactory solution for now. But perhaps you’d prefer I not touch you at all?’

‘Not at all!’ I spoke.

‘That’s not what I intended!’

‘You're not the same girl anymore Kar.’ Said Maddie.

Part:

(Back at school)

Nevaeh- I shivered, pulling the quilt closer around me. My fingers plucked at the stitches on my neck. Never again would another person, I pledged this one thing to myself. No one would hurt anyone the way they had.

It did not sound demonstrative even to my ears. Rearranging telepathy to all that I linger within the while some classmates approach the castle for the first time, prompting her how arduous it has been withdrawing any skin-on-skin contact for the last three days.

‘I mean, I know we can’t risk any accidental palm sweat exchange or

anything with this new pandemic taking place in the world, like that, but still, don’t you think it looks kind of-odd?’ I whisper, the second we are alone again if only in our minds.

Fantasizing, I had a cold when we both knew we did not get sick, and other ludicrous brush techniques that left me feeling genuinely uncomfortable.

It has been torture, pure, and simple. To have a girlfriend so gorgeous I miss being home here in this realm, so sexy, so amazingly awesome-and to not be worthy to touch her-is the worst kind of

agony, it is going to be nice to be in a world, unlike Earth as of late.

I ran for ampere-hours, trying to get as far as home as I could. I spun around quicker than I ever have, wishing for the first time to have standard ears. I permanently could not take the pain any longer. Of all the cries from Earth. The look on my face, I knew it would haunt me for the rest of my overlong life. I was wondering why the Earth was ending.

Teleported to my world, my fingers twitch slightly with impatience, eager to get moving to have my wings under me and fly around the castle that I

have made for girls like me. And soon I will well be seeing more of them like never before.

Spinning, in the first year, dresses swishing along the way, I would know that voice anywhere of young girls that are just like me. Her eyes were dancing with amusement, looking down on them, engaging me to deny it.

I smile at the ceiling plus then back at her 'Better get to class before your late girls.' I say softly. Furthermore, make sure to take excellent studies. You always do, I believe in you. That is why you are here.'

A small smile forms on my lips as I cherish the last time flying with all the others around me. Some are thoroughly horrid at flying over being young and new to their wings, and it did not help that I wanted to pick up speed.

While I soared smoothly, on the other hand, my clenched hands were opposed to the wings being like my salvation.

I am not a very considerate person myself, but all the while I still tried to turn my laughs into coughs and help all the others to the safety of the ground.

The sun was beginning to fade, setting a luminous light over castle grounds. Then denounced me while her feet brushed solid.

My flesh throbbed from the chilly air whooshing by me, and then also for hours of flying, but it was not abhorrent.

I retracted my wings and started walking towards the entrance.

Then glancing at all the stained-glass windows, I am unsurprised to see it is dinnertime, and all the girls are lined up in the hall ready to eat. Just the thought of food lifted my spirits.

Annoyed and still having a grumbling stomach; I sauntered my way over them all, not taking notice of the illumination from the gothic lamps.

I start the walk to the small but comforting sitting area in a niche. I was endlessly Millie the House Elf's always made extras.

~*~

She squeezes my fingers and opens the door with her mind, leading me right past Emmah and the other girls as we head for our desks.

Seeing the world that I once came from coming to its end as we look through the porthole to Earth, ‘no,’ I no longer care and close it off forever, in its final days, if anything as you knows, I was the liability in letting it get to this point is God.

‘I don’t care about that.’ Her gaze was open, sincere, and fixed right on mine. ‘I don’t care what other people think here or there. I only care about you girls, that is why I have saved you and brought you here.’

And even though, I have not seen her since Friday when she woke from me

being Naddalin and giving a spell for her to sleep, I when into find Karly coming back to her spirit, eyes ripped open to mine and her soul in her new body with us, her hand-shredded up fast to my face. I am sure her horror concerning me has not dismayed me a bit, in her way of thinking of me.

But just because she ignores me does not mean I can relax or trust that it is over the dislike she has for me.

Because the truth is, it is never over with Emmah. Emmah made that abundantly clear, she was going to befriend Karly.

If anything, she is more replenished and sinful than ever, making the little pardon nothing more distinguished than the calm before the storm.

'I see that you have gotten used to your new body,' said Emmah to Karly in the spirit body of Naddalin.

‘Ignore her,’ Naddalin whispers as the mind within being Karly, her first day has begun... walking to class in the numerous corridors and halls and classrooms.

Although while I am completely braced for her frequent ploy of abandoning her bookbag in my trail to trip me- today... she is too bewildered by Naddalin’s new expression to play that stale old pastime; I see the girl within the body shine through.

Karly in the body of Naddalin seems lost and scared, scooting her desk so close the edges practically overlap Emmah's.

Do you know why you are in this body?

‘No.’ said Karly.

‘You have earned it.' Said Emmah.

Naddalin's unhurried gaze traveled the length of her, from her head to her toes, before starting all over again.

Part:

Naddalin- Besides even though I nod as though I am, the truth is- I cannot. As much as I would love to pretend, she is invisible- I cannot do it. She is beside me.

Emmah- She is in front of me now and I am completely obsessed.

Peering into Naddalins thoughts, required to see what if anything occurred amidst them.

Because even though I comprehend Naddalin’s accountability for all the flirting, and caressing, and holding, I ought to have no choice but to watch me fall in love with her.

Indeed, though I comprehend for a fact, that Naddalin was entirely denied free will- that does not diminish the fact that it happened- that Naddalin’s lips pressed against her while her hands roved her skin.

Furthermore, even though I am tolerably sure it did not go any further than that, I would still sense a heck of a lot thoroughly, if I could just get some ammunition to back up my argument.

Furthermore, notwithstanding how crazed, dangerous, and masochistic it is- I will not stand continuously her consciousness gives, and each last shocking, piercing, intense detail is eventually exposed.

I’m just about to investigate more mysterious progress to the extreme core of her genius, when Naddalin clutches my hand and responds, ‘Always, please be

here for me. Stop irritating yourself in not doing so.

I've previously told you, there's annihilation to see.' I gulp carefully, contemplate fixed on the rear of her head, regarding her scandal with Jewell and Mireille, barely listening as she adds, 'It didn't happen. It's not what you think.'

'I believed you couldn't memorize?' I utilize, overwhelm with confusion the moment I see the sadness in her perceptions as she looks at me and rocks her head.

‘Simply confer to me.’ She breathes audibly. ‘Or at least try to. Please?’

I sniff strongly, staring at her, requesting I could, apprehending I should.

‘Completely, invariably. Primary you could not get over the past century years of my dating, and now you’re preoccupied with last week?’

She almost connects her brows and bends closer, the voice demanded, tempting, as she appends, ‘I know that your emotions are hurt. Truly, I do.

Exactly what has done is prepared. I cannot go back; I cannot improve it. Naddalin's done on purpose- you can't let her acquire it.'

I gulp hard, remembering she is valid. I am acting laughable, silly, enabling myself to deviate way off track. Additionally, Naddalin thinks, shifting to telepathy she is a lesgirls like I am also, now that our teacher, Mr. Robins to understands Elemental magic, Escapology, and Levitation, has reached. You know it is insignificant.

The only one I have ever become loved is yourself. Isn't that sufficient?

She realizes her gloved thumb to my temple, contemplating into my eyes as she explains to me our memoir of all things enchanted... from her past world as Karly the Goddess of the sea.

Then ultimately, accepting the truth-my fear that she will someday tire of the gloved handholding, the telepathic embrace, and strive out the real thing in a common girl with safe DNA.

My multiple flesh-and-blood as seeing all the newborn servant girls from France, all daughter impressive girls prompted me of how successful I was.

It was correct to be back, eyes wide, I goggle, never ought to detect that careful life before, I think back, in class and wonder.

Although she just beams, gazes turning warmer as she explains to me the highlights of that age, a fleet clip of the significance we met at an attendance possibility in a past life, our first kiss just outside of the hall that very same night. Manifesting only the most Dadaistic consequences and pitying my death, which always, inevitably, comes before we can proceed.

Furthermore, after viewing all those beautiful flashes unwind, her unabashed passion for me set bare to see, I contemplate into her discriminations, acknowledging her enigma when I recollect: Of passage, it is rather. You have perpetually been enough.

Then joining them in embarrassment when I add: But am I perfect for you?

She then signals, gloved forefingers cupping my chin as she infers me into a mental embrace so tender, so innocent, so encouraging, all my fears slip away.

R.S.V.P to the explanation in my gaze as she pitches forward, lips at my ear as she responds, ‘Immeasurable. Now that such is settled, on Naddalin…’

Because while I have not seen or spoken with them except for last Friday meanwhile my entire world fell apart there is no uncertainty, I left them both on a lonely note.

‘Mr. Milley?’ I said along with saying, I said to him in explaining my thoughts. My last contact with Milley consisted of me going all sentimental and not only confiding my psychic powers-which is something I never do-but also

encouraging her to date me, which is something I am seriously starting to regret. Furthermore, as tremendous as that was, it is only challenged by my last minutes with Naddalin when I proposed my fist at her belly button chakra, resolved not just to kill her but to defeat her.

Moreover, I would have too- except for the point that I completely suffocated, and she got away. And even though in retrospect that worked out for the best, I am still so irritated with her, who is to say I will not try over?

While I make my way toward the history of the world-class, I am querying which will be worse- seeing but the accuracy is, I grasp I will not try again.

Besides not just because Naddalin who is Karly, now that Nevaeh is back in her own body, anyway she spent the whole of English class telepathically lecturing me on how malice is never the key, how karma is the only true justice system. And plenty more blah-blah- blah- like that- but mostly because it is not honest.

Even though Naddalin tricked me in the very worst way, leaving me no

reason to ever trust her again-I still do not have the right to kill her over it.

It will not solve my problem. Will not alter a thing. Even though she is prodigious, evil, and everything that totals up to immoral, I still do not hold the right to do this… She slinks up beside me, all fair tousled hair, water's edge blue eyes, and shiny white teeth loosened stretching her strong, bronzed arm across the classroom door, preventing me from getting bounded.

Furthermore, that is all it takes.

Though I will not, still if, still if,

I vowed Naddalin I could get myself harmlessly to and from class outwardly resorting to such.

‘Consequently, direct me, eternally, how was your weekend? Did you and Naddalin enjoy a nice homecoming of having Nevaeh back in her own body and the homecoming of Karly in the body of Naddalin?

Was she able to survive you by chance?’

I clench my fists by my sides, visualization how she would look like nothing more than a heap of designer

clothes and a pile of dust, despite the vow of nonaggression I took.

She then responds, contemplates thickening on mine, decreasing her voice to a murmur as she continues, ‘Not to suffer though, you won’t be single for long.

Once the conventional grieving phase concludes, I’ll be thrilled to step in and fill up the void of her loss.’

I concentrate on my sigh, depositing its potential and regularity as I understand in the strong golden, robust arm hindering my path, comprehending

all it would take is one well-placed self-defense chop to split it in half.

‘Hell, also if you did endure to endure back and sustain her to be alive, all you ought to do is answer the message, and I am right by your side.’ She smiles, eyes feeding over me most lovingly.

‘Although no requirement to reply too swiftly or perpetrate yourself, however. Take if you like, For the understanding that, Continuously, I swear you, unlike the old Naddalin, I am a woman who cannot wait to see where this is all agreeing to go.

Furthermore, it’s just a resolution of time before you come looking for me nevertheless.’

‘There’s only one element I want from you.’

I narrow my gaze continuously, everything encompassing us dims. ‘Furthermore, that’s toward you to leave me solely.’ Thoughts rise to my face as her gaze increases to an ogle.

‘Farid not, love.’ She smirks, studying me over and swinging her head. ‘Trust me, you want way more than such.

But not to suffer, it is like I conversed, I will deliver for as long as it needs.

It is Naddalin I am anxious about. And you should suffer too. From what I saw in the last century, she is a troubled person. The portion of a hedonist. Didn’t wait for many of anything so notably as I could tell.’

I- Emmah, swallow hard and strive to keep calm, reminding myself not to fall for her bait. Naddalin has a knack for locating my weakness, my psychological strength, and lives to exploit it.

‘Don’t get me wrong, she’s always been one to keep up entrances-wearing the armbands that are back and white stripes, appearing inconsolable at the wake-but trust me, Ever, the moss hadn’t time to adhere to her shoe before she was back on the lurk.

Looking to drown her sorrows in whatever or-should I say whomever-her could. And even though you prefer not to believe it, take it from someone who has been there all along. Naddalin waits for no one. And she certainly never waited for you.’

I take a deep breath, filling my head with words, music, mathematical equations stretching far beyond my skills, anything to drown out the expressions that are like prudently honed missiles aimed orderly for my soul.

‘Yep.’

‘Perceived this with my own eyes, I did!’

Smirking as her underclothing into a viscous cockney articulation and back out over. ‘Haven noticed this also.

It broke her poor non-beating

Willing to take her back no matter where she had been, no questions asked.

Though, unlike me-and, I am afraid, quite unlike you have not loved was unconditional. Which, let us face it, is something you'd never do.'

'That's not correct!' I screamed, cried hoarsely, furthermore very dry, as though it was the first time that I have used it all day- it was so bad.

'I've had Naddalin since the moment we met-I-' I stop, knowing I

should not have started. It is useless to engage in the fight.

‘Sorry, darlin,’ but you are wrong. You have never- ever had Naddalin at all. A pure kiss here, a bit of sweaty hand-holding there-’ She shrugs, gaze contemptuously.

‘Forever, you think some pathetic attempts at second base can satisfy an avaricious, self-absorbed, self-indulgent bloke like her? For four hundred years no less?’

Part:

I swallow hard, forcing a calm I do not own when I say, ‘That’s a lot further than you ever got with Haven.’

‘No thanks to you,’ her spits, harsh gaze on mine. ‘But it’s like I said, I’m a man who can wait.’

‘Naddalin is not.’

She shakes her head.

‘Shame you’re so-o strong-minded to play hard to get. You and I are a lot more alike than you think. Both of us pining after someone we’ll never truly have-’

‘I could-’ I suck in my breath, not wanting her to know what only Naddalin and I know, that targeting an immortal’s weakest chakra, one of the body’s seven energy centers, is the quickest way to obliterate them.

‘I could kill you right now,’ I whisper, voice shaky, hands trembling, even though I promised Naddalin I would not do the, even though I know better.

‘Slug me in my sacral center, perhaps?’

‘You could what?’ She smiles at me, faces impending so close her breath chills my cheek.

I gape, wondering where she could’ve erudite that.

Nonetheless, she just giggles, shaking her head saying, ‘Do not forget, Liv, Naddalin was under my spell.

which means she told me everything, answered every question I am asked-including a good bit about you.’

She got me… Right where it counts. And do not think she does not know it.

I stand there, refusing to react, figured out to appear composed, unruffled-but it is too late.

‘No worries, Liv. ‘I’m having far too much fun watching you squirm to attempt something like that.

Just a moment later- ‘I’ve no plans to go after you- she said.’

Besides, it will not be long ’til you are squirming beneath me.

Or even on top of me. Either will do.’ she laughs, her eyes on me, gazing at me in a way so knowing, so intimate, so deep, my stomach can’t help but have.

‘I’ll leave the details to you. But no matter how much you may want to; you will not go after me either. Mostly because I do have what you want. The cure to the antidote for what you suffer from. I assure you of that, said Naddalin. You are just going to have to find a way to earn it, she also said. You’re just going to have to show me how bad you want it.’

I gape, dry-mouthed and slack-jawed, remembering last Friday when Naddalin claimed the very same thing, to me saying that she likes owned me, and in a way, I am okay with that.

So-0 distracted by Naddalin awakening- I forgot all about it ’til now- to have it type down as another chapter in the book of my life.

I- Emmah press my lips together as my gaze meets heir’s… awe- my hope rising for the first time in days.

Knowing it is just a matter of time until the antidote is mine. I just need to find a way to get it from her.

‘Oh, look at that.’ She grins. ‘Seems you forgot all about our date with destiny.’

Part:

She elevates her arm and I start to plow through, then she reduces it just as speedily, giggling as she locks me in place.

‘Deep sighs,’ her coos, lips brushing the rim of my ear, fingers skimming over my collar, leaving an icy cold furrow in their path. ‘No obligation to fear.

No need to get all tempered over.

I’m certain that among us, we can come to some sort of shared bargaining, find a way to work something out.’

I narrow my gaze, bothered by the rate that she is set, words slow and unadventurous when I say, ‘Nothing you could ever say or do could turn me to sleep with you!’

Presently as Milley opens the door, letting the whole class overhear.

‘Whoa-h’ Naddalin laughs, hands raised in pretend acknowledgment of disappointment as she backs into the room. ‘Who said anything about bumping’ most formidable, companion?’

She will thrust her head back and howls, enabling her eerie Ouroboric mark

to flash in and out of view and move as if coming to life.

‘I mean, not to mislead you, darlin,’ however, if it’s an immeasurable shag I’m after, virgins about the last place I’d look!’

I storm toward my desk, cheeks burning, gaze fixed on the floor, spending the next forty minutes cringing as my classmates burst into hysterics every time Naddalin directs a disgusting wet smooch sound my way, despite Milley’s numerous attempts to quiet them down.

-And-

The moment the bell rings, I make a run to the door. Frantic to get to Naddalin before Naddalin can be convinced Naddalin will push her too far and she will snap- an act neither of us can afford now that Naddalin holds the key.

Nonetheless- just as I turn the knob I hear, ‘Always? Got a minute?’ Her uncivil guffawing loitering dilatory as I turn approaching Milley to see what she needs.

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turn approaching Milley to see what she needs.

I reflect, classmates, bunching up behind me, anxious to come to the hall where they can follow Naddalin’s lead and mock me some more.

‘I did this.’ She smiles, sentiment solid, speech afraid, but still keen for me to know.

I double-clutch sharply, migrating my bag from one collar to the next, hoping I had caught the time to acquire indirect viewing so-o I could grasp an eye

on the lunch tables and guarantee Naddalin sticks to the plan.

‘I approached her. Quite similar you advised me to.’ She reacts.

I glare, renewing my focus to her, gut-churning as I begin to explain. I observed her the daylight on the date had reached.

We even considered for a while, and-’ she shrugs, gazes sailing tirelessly, unmistakably still rather exercised by the conclusion. I attain ere her, exhausted, understanding I should settle it, whatever it demands ere it gets out of knack.

‘Furthermore, you remained accurate. She is pleasant to me. I reasonably shouldn’t perceive you but we’re having banquet tonight.’

I nod, unfeeling, shell-shocked, the information seeing over me as I peer into her enthusiasm furthermore observe it release in her head: she is reaching in the line of the cafeteria bulky hall with all its stain glass windows and gothic feel of a castle, minding her own business until Milley approaches-causing her to turn and grant her a smile that’s- shamefully flirtatious!

Besides that, there is no remorse at all. Those two could not be more comfortable. At least not on Sabine’s part. Nor Milley for that circumstance. No, regret is all mine.

This bottle falls. For too many reasons to introduce the dinner can never take place. One of them being that she is not just my aunt, but my guardian, my caretaker, my only living relative in the entire world!

-And-

Another, even more urgent reason, is the fact that thanks to my

pathetic, mauling, overly sentimental, ill-advised moment of weakness last Friday, Milley knows I am psychic while she does not!

I have gone to great lengths to keep my secret from her, and there is no way I am going to be outed by my love-struck history teacher of enchanted.

Although just as I am concerned to tell her that she unquestionably penitentiary, supporting any circumstances whatsoever, take my aunt to dinner furthermore communicate any message I sway have unwittingly acknowledged when a weak minute when

I was sure I would nevermore see her again, she disentangles her esophagus and says, ‘Anyway, you should get to lunch before it’s too delayed. I didn’t mean to catch you the long, I just guessed.’

‘Oh, no, it’s okay,’ I say. ‘I merely’

Although she does not let me terminate. Pushers me out the entrance as she waves me away, declaring, ‘Proceed on now. To find your colleagues. I just imagined I should bless you, that’s sole.’

When I get to the lunch table, I sit beside Naddalin, relieved to find everything as normal as any other day. Naddalin’s gloved hand clutches my knee as I quickly scan the campus, looking for Naddalin as she thinks: she is withdrawn.

Gone? I peer, wishing her medians gone as in not throughout, as opposed to going as in a pile of ashes.

Nevertheless, Naddalin just giggles, the smooth sweet sound echoing from her head to mine. Not demolished. I swear to you. Just-absent-that is all. Drove off a rare seconds ago with some guy I’ve never- ever observed before.

Did you speak…?

Did she try to inspire you?

Naddalin swings her head, her eyes scrutinizing into mine as I add: Good. Because we cannot allow going back here no matter what! She has a counteractant! She allowed it! This implies all we must do forthwith is find a way to- steadily. She grimaces… You cannot understand her!

This is what Naddalin who has been Nevaeh and pays with every girl she was ever with, also, this is what she does the girl that becomes lost in others and

hid in others that need to be lost, the girl of many shared personae the girls like a hidden haunting ghost to everyone here in this world, to be ghosted when she changes to the new needed someone to leave that body with no explanations to anyone.

She lies and manages everyone throughout her. You must sojourn away from her- she is using you- she cannot be commissioned I just oscillate my head.

~*~

Nevaeh- Maiara Chenoa, is lying that is not true, it does not like I have

stollen a baby body at birth with my soul, to find a new life, at all... my mother was my mother... and my dad and my sisters are my true sisters, I have real records showing this, I trusted her, do not believe her, she lost my trust, she made all this up to make me look bad. You must believe me.